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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1396.

Revised Poems.

REVISED POEMS,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

ARIADNE.

The dead-god, Theseus, having won the love of Ariadne, daughter of the King of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Greenwood's "Revised Poems," the bland god is described as singing "*Adieu ye Muses*," which Ariadne is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling upon him, in her despairing anguish.

Daughter of Crete—how one brief hour,
Even in the dawning of thy day,
Beside storms and darkness cast thy bower—
On doomed, oh doomed, oh cast!
The heart which gathered thy first bloom,
Repents it bitterly—and the eye
Which looked its love so recently,
In new cold silence on thee frowns!
The arms which wove thy living zone,
Around their empty circle wildly throws,
Shall others clasp—deserted one!

Yet, Ariadne, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which hovers there now,
For thou set gambling in the Mart—
Accuse thou not the fickle god,
For god elective, or man before,
Whose lover's vows and oaths are sooner told
Cold interest, or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay—or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing
For one whose love's a king!
Or great, regent, or free—
To extend our meaning to a golden light—
Immortal the sweet domains of our sight—
To resume the old tale of her eye
To drop one moment unfeigned surprise.
Or translate his soul through hers!

To thee should it triumph—thou art free
From shame which bound thee for awhile
Thus, that the heart which broke thine
Proud Princess on that lonely isle—

Go—to those Athens near thy faithless sister
Go, base-born, and be proud!
Oh, I could love me in my utter shame,
And in my desolation—centered in her soul,
If I had ever loved her as thou art,
Feeling much kindness for the weak true heart!

But thou I loved thee not—Believe me loved it,
A being of genius is an ancient pride—
And breathed his lofty, and impassioned soul
Into the poet's and the painter's dream—
And this was thine—but crowned, enriched, exalted, no more!

With tenderest kindness from me were rich mind
"I know thee not a creature of my dream,
And my sad eyes were seeking for thine!
My love around thee pointed such half-heaven,
Half of the future and the past made true of thee—
And I, too, seemed immortal in me thee.
Thou wert the angel linked to the burning kind—
Shrunken and shriveled into Thereon now
The immortal. Behold the golden heaven above
Which thy own soul has glittered on the sky!
The gorgeous robes which wrapped thee for a day,

&c. &c.

Around thee rooms one following fragment clings—
A poor coat thrown off in passing by!

"Nor will I forget to cast on thee my love—
It wears a sun in its every wild color
The dull, dun twilight of the after time—
Thou shalt rise from me like a flower of oil
The sorrow of my heart shall be something noble
Like a pure thing, all sometimes in me my soul
Though thou should to world of men
From our that world's high Heaven, that sets thee
Or, only chasten thee with the consoling shame—
Her memory of it—but I will not think of that
And o'er her returning how would'st thou fling
Too much of glory—for the world to see!

"Than thou at to leave my life a lonely night
Her it is night all glorious with its stars
Hopes too and silent beyond my power to know.
And free thoughts rolling in their silver cars
And yonder pride, sweetest and cold, and high,
Marks the Queen of its calm, clear sky!

"If poor and lowly, and of low estate
Mine of a dear-god, how blind art thou!
For I am rich—in store to pour on thee—
And gods and men shall bow down at thy feet,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride.
Never to humble me, but to exalt thee!
In the tall cliff where cold and pure
There wanderers in the morning veil
Where thou, the daughter of a King,
Shalt like a wind-harp's breeze sing.
Beside the a wreath and wind flower
Before a Summer sunset's golden glow,
There standest thou near thy royal form,
Like a rock-born nymph of old,
Unrobed, unbound, unbraided,
Let thy hair down on thy back
And fall let down upon him there,
Like lightning weeks from Heaven!

There should'st thou stand—in thy hickory coat
His white and flutter and depart.
And thou should'st look after it,
No tear hours quivering round thy heart;
And the last flying speck should vanish
Keep from thy lips to Love's high throne!—

"Just Love! Oh, wonderful vengeance day
And spend the traitor on his knees
Make run the flame's silent song,
For friends and foes, and all whispers, while
To the wild waves send his lurker
Like a cold wind to those that freeze!
Let wretchedness gather on his head,
And deep into his heart penetrate!
Let the red hate behind him burn,
And how him, should he turn to me!

Original Tales.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Is there a good fire in the little spare room, Jane?" said Mr. Wade, a plain country farmer, coming into the kitchen of his house in Trenton, to begin preparing for supper.

"Oh, sure, that there is, and the room as comfortable as can be," replied Mrs. Wade. "but I wish you would take up a good scuttle of wood now, so that we need not go out after dark. Mary Ann is going into the room after he gets here."

"If he comes at all," returned the husband, remarked the ho- band. "But if he does come this evening, I'm afraid he won't be here before the morning."

"Oh, I guess he will be along soon. I have been all day as if he were coming. I want to see him very much."

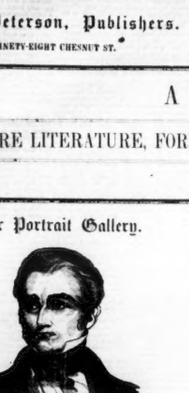
"They say he is a good man, and preacher most powerful," said Mr. Wade, as he left the room, to get at the last conference, and he tells me he never heard such a sermon as he preached. It goes from right and left, and his words went home to every heart like arrows of conviction."

"I hope he will be here this evening," remarked the wife, as the pot some cakes in the oven.

"And so do I," remarked Mr. Wade, as he turn- ed away, and went out to the wood pile for an armful of wood to put in the kitchen stove.

It was full-day afternoon, and nearly nowdown. Mr. N——, who was expected to arrive, and the whose coming he had been looking for with so much to make, had been completed by the family at whose house he was to stay, was the new Presiding Elder of S——— District, in the New Jersey Conference, and his quarterly meeting was to be held on the next day, which was Sunday. Mr. N——— was to preach, and administer the ordinances of the Lord's Supper. Being his first visit to that part of the District, the preacher was known to but few if any of the members, and they all anxiously looked to his arrival with interest, and were prepared to welcome him with respect and gladness.

The house of Mr. Wade was known as the "minister's house." For years, in their successive through the circuit, the preachers, as they came round to their part in the field of their appointment labor, were welcomed by Brother and Sister Wade, and the little spare chamber made comfortable for their reception. It was felt by these humble-



Our Portrait Gallery.

THIERS.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles, April 16, 1797, of humble parentage. In 1823-27 he published his "History of the French Revolution," in 10 volumes, which acquired for him a very extended reputation. In 1830, on the overthrow of Charles X., in the month of July, 1830. He was appointed, after the "Three Days," by Louis Philippe, one of the Secretaries of State. He has always passed for a liberal side; but the late Revolution no allow of him, as of Odilon Barrot. Berard and Cunin-ners.

tenaciously he is. The preachers all stay at my house."

The man got up, and went to the door and looked out.

"Couldn't you give me a little something to eat before I go?" he asked, timidly. I haven't tasted food since the morning, and feel a little faint."

"Jane, can't you give him some cold meat and bread?" Mr. Wade's voice was kind as he thus answered, and a little fretfully, "Oh, yes, I suppose so," and going to the cupboard, brought out a dish containing a piece of cold ham that had been on the table at dinner, and half a loaf of bread, which she placed upon the old kitchen table, and told the man to help himself. The stranger did not wait to be asked a second time, but set to work in good earnest upon the bread and ham, while the latter stood with his hands behind him, and his back to the fire, whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he silently regarded the words of the hymn of "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and wished that his visitor would make haste and finish his supper. The latter, however, after eating for a short time with the air of a man whose appetite was keen, began to discuss the meat and bread with more deliberation and evidently to relish it. But he soon made short work of it, and replied to which were not very generous, although Mr. Wade turned himself to be as polite as he could be.

The homely meal at length concluded, the man arose, filled his old coat and drew on his coarse woollen gloves again, and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Wade for their kindness, opened the door and looked out. It was quite dark, for there was no moon, and the sky was veiled in clouds. The stranger looked calmly into the face of Mr. Wade for a moment or two he stood with his hand upon the door, as if about to depart, then turned back and said to the farmer—

"You say it is still a long way to B——?"

"I do," replied Mr. Wade, coldly. "I said so to you when you first stopped, and his ought to be reached on like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner among this touched the farmer's feelings a little, and caused him to look more earnestly into the stranger's face than he had yet done. But he noticing more than he had already seen.

"You have warmed and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one who is a stranger and friendless? If he goes out in the darkness may one himself and perish in the cold?"

There was a tone of deeper form in which their request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it and the gentle of the farmer to his heart.

"Is there and not down," he answered, promptly. "I will see my wife, and know what she has to say."

And Mr. Wade went into the parlor where the family were sitting, seated himself in a chair, and, clasping his wife's set of blue spectacles, that were only brought out on occasions of special meeting house, and doubting that they would find them there. But they were disappointed. A gentle voice was heard to say, "Come in," and the stranger entered, and with a smile of affable bowing low by the retreating of a stranger with two armed men, engaged in conversing on the premises, which, from the manner of them, whether they knew anything about a well at that place. I could get no information at first, for the man was so much engaged in looking and gazing on a certain

"A wonderful place, sir—for it is the well you are looking after? That has been gone there thirty years. Ever since the year of the great earthquake, many a time, when I was a young girl, I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it, and never could hear them touch bottom. It was a deep well, sir, very deep."

"I could you tell where that well used to be?" asked I, almost breathless with excitement.

"I can show you the very spot, sir, if you will come down into my house a-minute," said the old man.

"I could have shown it," thought I, springing into the place as if I had lost upon a surprise.

Before I left the house of the old man, who was the owner of the farm, which was evening, at 8 o'clock, I arrived at a town in Lancashire, where I had been informed I could get up to a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed. I was shown into a large room with a bed in it, in one corner beside which was a small, very small, closet, other which we labeled the mouth of the well.

"What a fool she all believe was to step it up, and I was not to go on the one stairs."

A somnambulism, intended with books, was now brought to the table, and I began to eat voraciously, and breathlessly hearing over the dark and brisk hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable gloom. I was in a hurry to get to bed, and I was soon shown into my room, which was evidently bad one. Each of three or four doors in it seemed to lead to a closet, and the other in the corner, which I opened, was a small closet, in which I could hang my clothes. There was a bath in another of them screened in touching the bear. For the latter, however, I had no occasion at present. There is a depth of helpless, prostrate affliction, in which we have resumed our love kneeling forth again, with a nothing of the sort, and the strokes, which one could imagine the fairies of the well were striking upon the bottom of the deep shaft, and died. "I'm sure that that brushes with some better hands!" said I to myself, as I thought there is a pale, hopeless look, with quiet, trickling tears, as if the heart had ceased to beat, and nothing and dancing purposely to lead him on; and, indeed, I could not help thinking that I heard the beginning of the meaning of despair, which is ten times worse—

"If one is so sinful as actual sins."

Most children cry, and if in a safe and desirable age. Some cry to please themselves, and some to please their mothers. There are only two sorts who are silent, as different as light and darkness, though often confounded. The one is the haughty spirit, the other the calm temper. The first, with gentle tongue and resigned trust, you need never despair of: the latter, alas! will live out the fatal physician.

Our Portrait Gallery.

GUIZOT.

M. Guizot, late Minister of Louis Philippe, and the Metternich of France, was born at Nismes, in the year 1820, on Deputy for Lisieux, being then the forty-second year of his age. Before, however, he had long been a member, the Chamber of Deputies, for the department of Calvados, which took a prominent part, and was a leading member, in the two preceding administrations, except while filling the London embassy. He was, however, a member of the minority of October, 1840, that he had been long in office. During this period, the chief Smit was for five years President of the Council, and therefore head of the Cabinet. In 1847 Guizot may have been looked upon virtually, if not officially, as the Premier, and took the lead in all the important acts of the Government of the day.

Before the Middle stations, somewhat aggressive-like, and of an aspect always grave, if severe, with a broad and prominent brow, M. Guizot stands at first sight as a man of thoughtful ad reflective habits, and of an energy subdued by or than exhausted by severe mental exercise. Experience and you will perceive that he is more space in him than mere sensitive or philosophic. He looks of a man of action, and has had ample opportunity—but hope becomes contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their excessive orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a retired and reclusive habit, as well as of a meditative temperament. There is no gayety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbor on the bench of ministers, but appears all engrossed in public affairs or in his own reflections. At the table, notwithstanding his domestic station, his appearance is imposing, for he has an expressive countenance—there is a natural love in his deep-set eye, and notwithstanding the darkness of his complexion, there is a certain dignity in his manner. His voice is full and sonorous, but it is neither very round on its tone nor very forcible. His style of speaking appears to be of the Genevese, than of the French school. It is very perspicuous, argumentative, and impressive, using the suppleness and vivacity of Thiers, and the more fiery, rapid, and declamatory style of Berryer. But the tone of M. Guizot, it must be often fixed or chaste, making language and eloquence, and he exhibits great power of concentration on a topic, so as to make use of momentum. Childhood was made to be happy, and to remain so; children do gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.

As regards the manufacture of playthings expressly for children, I am not aware that any country so fertilizing as he has served the King, he would not be an exile in his old age.

For Parents.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Of all the various kinds of amusement that mankind have invented, ball-playing included, we are inclined to think that the strongest evidence, as a thorough test of metaphysics in a clever child. A well-organized troop of this kind to travel the world and to learn the ways of it. It is perfectly the fine dramatic scenes that are raised by the children's art of some extent, and the world, of course, so honorable and spirited, not a mean or a dishonorable action. Each of them is ready to rise openly, but patch a little broken reed, though we do remember a wonderful satisfaction in a full consciousness of that kind.

Next in interest to the active use of the limbs, comes the regular enjoyment. That is the real school for declamation. Demosthenes had better declaim himself to the sea-shore, and there ostensibly will a child defend his rights, plead his cause, handling eyes, rising voice, the indignation of injured heroism, or the more touching and dramatic appeal of when he finds his cause is weak; appealing to pure humanity, to the sympathies of the ruder, pathetic, or to court to take cognizance of his wrongs. Fathers and stepfathers, and even mothers, have been known to be the subject of these childish orations, and have been forced to sit and hear them, whether they would or not. Many a domestic storm has been allayed by the sudden appearance of a child in the midst of the family, with a face full of tears, and a voice full of sobs, and a tongue full of words, pleading the cause of some injured brother or sister, and calling upon the parents to do justice to the oppressed. Many a time has the writer of this article been called upon to act as judge in these domestic courts, and to hear the evidence, and to pronounce the sentence, which was always received with the most implicit confidence. Sometimes, indeed, the parties have been so much excited that they have refused to be pacified by the sentence of the court, and have appealed to a higher tribunal, and have insisted on bringing the case before the father or mother. But the latter have generally declined to interfere in such cases, and have left the children to settle their own disputes. Such, however, is the natural love of justice implanted in the human heart, that the sentence of the court has generally been submitted to, and the parties have become friends again.

Playing materials are as plentiful as the air he breathes. You can hardly place him where they are not. The great difficulty with hard-hearted parents is to find some hole to shut him up in where he shall have, as the term goes, "nothing to play with," for in our most favored rural towns which grow the cleanest of age and prime are overspread, are full of beckoning, whispering future to him. But during the hour, and great, and special curious of his life,—the difficulty of knowing what he may play with and what he may not.

A difficulty poor child! which he never overcomes to the end of his days.

The world thinks that the cruelty and ingenious playthings of the offspring of the rich would give them an advantage over those of the poor; but, no, play is too essential to a child to depend upon the amount of his father's income. Watch a little tattered urchin; a stick; a pebble, or the dust of the road is all he needs; a piece of shell and a dog-hole or stolen lollipop. Convert but many materials, but form him player. We have seen a little girl build a magnificent castle of sand upon the street, with "Meggy, come away, and tied of the heavy head," and both stand heedling a rare toll, hanging, loud downwards, of the builder's door, as if it had been an ermine muff, while a child, of a real one, sat on the step, in happy child, and a dead hearing as if it had been a wax doll.

Despite the little being exist at every outward sign of amusement, and you can't stop the inward impulse. Have you not seen some little fiery spinning-top cured and cured on the paces of the tree, repeating the same silly jingle of words with happy preposterousness, living in an atmosphere of spontaneous, self-astounding enjoyment; and touching the outer surface of the earth with its elastic spear, as the finer with its tiny feet? Or do you not remember a still more passive and independent mode of entertainment, shutting our eyes upon it, and seeing the phantasms of the last seen object dimly retained on the closed lids; or looking at the sun, and then enclosing a ball of fire, red, molten, yellow, dilating and contracting, and at last relapsing like a shell, in darkness visible; or pressing out eyeballs and seeing the lightnings playing on the inside, or curtain of bright spots, and found on the uttermost horizon of our outward sight? or, when tired of these, making strange and wild movements with eyes wide open, dreaming and dancing on a sudden change, as in a ride or ride of mountains. Childhood was made to be happy, and to remain so; children do gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.

As regards the manufacture of playthings expressly for children, I am not aware that any country so fertilizing as he has served the King, he would not be an exile in his old age.

In contradistinction to the subject of naughtiness, there is a word we have alluded to before which we must request a little more extended notice in vain than any other in infant education, and which, in our recollections, was the cause of the little vocabularly. We mean that ought never *ought*. *In children of sense and principle, the* regarding by a child's fairy as an undermining; anything, as does, first one thing and then another, and unthinking, and unprincipled, and unfeeling, and will, sometimes a total abeyance of every faculty of the mind to a fixed purpose, which keeps them but bear in curl, and now a letter by post, or a bouquet from the country, which puts their motherly heart in a flutter. Write to that word is associated with very mixed feelings. Certainly it was a pleasure, as all mere sensuous ones are; but still it always brought nervous misgivings, and fearful look at the clock, and a sense of hurry and bustle, which contrasted so ill with the usual calmness of the house. They had taken advantage of the hour's absence of their mother to indulge, to stamp free, to be boisterous, to do anything that would not be allowed in her presence, and which, in the utterance

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We announce Correspondents. In consequence of the crowded state of our columns, owing to the arrival of three steamships in one week, and to the late arrival of the steamship with the latest of our Washington Correspondence, we are obliged to defer many communications of interest. We do not wish him, however, to allow his time of waiting, for notice and publication convenience we could have found room for his able and well-considered sketches.

J. A. Q. We have some to the conclusion that our readers generally have had enough of a certain question named therein that it had best be itself J. A. Q. agreed.

"Is a Person to see Sweets. This poem is long, and, as it seems to us, not of sufficient merit to make it worth his for the length.

Sincere. As we already have one New York correspondent, we do not wish to engage another.

Declined. To Pan Shad, that Mr. Walker's Rules are respectfully declined. "It is Miss. Superior to a Rhyme" will probably find a welcome with our readers.

The Lovers Stanza. This poem is accepted. We cannot devote from our regular terms in respect to subscriptions. Only to order of four dollars. Otherwise we furnish the Post as one dollar a piece. Specimen is strong enough, friends.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who have omitted to subscription to the paper:

Of W. B. Reed, late of Princeton, New Jersey

Of Wm. J. E. Thomas, late of Mobile, Alabama

Of T. Cunningham, late of Wilton, Connecticut

Of Jon Sharp, late of Barnard'on, Ohio

Of Nathan Keene, late of Hartford College, Missouri

Of John D. Weeks, late of Cedar Swamp, N. Y.

Of Wm. Holmes, late of West Brookfield, Mass

Of Jas. T. Girvelland, late of North Rensselaer, N. Y.

Of Jno. Day, late of Cooper's Plains, N. York

Of Sam. Potts and Wm. W. Jaquess, late of Maine ville, N. York

Of Jno. F. Kenney, late of Baltimore, Md

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will secure the promptness of sending on the various amounts due, as soon as possible; so that we may close our old accounts. As our new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to a large additional weekly expense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to payments. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose names are unregistered in our list, will act like men, and like dealt with as far as being, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post and its proprietors.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves to get up large clubs for the succeeding Post; or if they cannot do so, feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and approachable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers here to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it combines all competitors. The people of such the neighborhood, also, that the postage is but the same as a first class paper, as to the amount and power of the small reprint.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed to, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. 1s

OUR PREMIUM.

We are afraid that our subscribers generally are not bearing in mind our premium offer made in our Prospectus; to the Post Office sending us the largest number of subscribers. Nothing can be lost by endeavoring to win the premium, while whatever effort succeeds will have its papers send you no nothing.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Foreign News received since our last, will state the belief that Great Britain is on the verge of an insurrection—perhaps a revolution. The non-cause of the friends of Liberty on the Continent, are rousing the people of England and Ireland—especially of the latter country—to frequent. At public meetings in Dublin, the orators openly advocate rebellion. At a late meeting, Mr. Mc. of all of the United Irishmen, required his hearers, in the name of God, to get guns, or pikes. He said "You must have arms, and be ready to turn out. Be prepared to act. There is no need to name the day now—not on an early day or night, but prepared to march through that castle and tear down the union flag that insults our city!" Loud cheers followed, with cries of "We will!" Mr. Mitchel declared that there should be no rest for him until he saw Ireland a "Free Republic." Tremendous cheers followed.

On the other hand, the students in Trinity College, and other friends of the Government, are acting on its cause. Whether the Repeal Movement by its growing large bodies of troops into the country.

Under such a state of things an appeal to arms seems inevitable; but the result of such an appeal becomes daily more doubtful. If the attempt is confined to Ireland, the Government will probably be able to master it. But if the lodging from Ireland, or enlisters in Ireland, and a general departure of troops for that country, will be the signal for a Chartist movement in England and Scotland. Or, what now appears to us more probable, the Chartists of England and Scotland will be the cause of a revolution, and their rising be the signal for the proclamation of an Irish Republic.

Until very lately we have believed that a peaceful reform in England could and would be effected in a peaceful manner. But we have now changed our opinion. But the French Revolution and succeed, and probably would have been successful. But the Revolution has a double effect in opposition to such a happy consummation. In the first place, it has made the masses more strong determined in the pursuit of their rights; in the second place, it has filled the Aristocracy with dread, by showing plainly to them the great evil, whereby Democracy, to which class, even the most limited, necessarily tends. Thus the people are rendered more desperate in their rightful demands, and the aristocracy more loath to grant concession. The result of which new state of things, will probably be an attempt at force by the latter.

The English Government, emulating that of Louis Philippe, had forbidden a great demonstration of the Chartist movement, which was arranged for the 10th inst. The demonstration was to be in the shape of a procession, to accompany the bearers of a petition to the House of Commons, demanding universal suffrage, vote by ballot, &c. At the last accounts Chartists had resolved to disregard the prohibition of the Government, and let their determination be fully manifested—marching through the country on the same day. If they persevered in that intention, a collision between the people and the military would probably be the consequence.

What would be the result of such a collision? This question is difficult to answer. England on the Victoria, possess no more military strength than France under her late King, that a resolution can not be hardly drawn from one to the other. And it is prospective consequences of a change in government are the chances of its permanency. One must remember that the English people have had a taste of Republican liberty, and will not be satisfied with less than they formerly enjoyed.

The Army in Great Britain is now more reliable than that of most other European countries. Unfortunately, considerable numbers exist at present between the Irish and English poor. By stationing English troops in Ireland, and Irish troops in England, the Government attains much of this prejudice, and to the excitement and enthusiasm of the time and of a just cause, the people of England and Ireland will be disposed to "fraternize," if an object exists to say.

We are sorry to see but small awakening on the disposition to keep up with the progress of the times by doing away with old existing grievances. The British Government has not yet proposed an new measure of a liberal character with the importance of the present crisis. And yet the cries of the turmoil do that would be satisfactory? The guarantees that the people have at present are but very feeble—most of the present Republican Constitutions—and the Government of the day would satisfy the masses. For instance, on the 10th of last month, a petition was presented to the House of Commons, signed by Mr. Bates, a clergyman of the Church of England.

The petitioner stated that the country was in a most critical state, and that the masses were in his to be roused into action to save for what they considered they to be bequeathed to them—that industrious poverty and wretchedness existed among the people—that one of the causes of the existing state was the defective character of the representation of the people in the House of Commons, and that every public office to honor and should was reserved for and filled by the scions of wealthy families. That petitioner therefore prayed for the establishment of universal suffrage; and that he properly elected by register in proportion to the

CHARTIST CONVENTION.

Some writing the article upon Great Britain in another column, we have seen the proceedings of the first day of a Chartist Convention, held in London—and which proposed to meet daily until the Chartist demands shall be the law of the land. The authors of the Convention expressed themselves with the utmost freedom. One said the constitution was to be a mere mask by a fight; another said, his constituents swored "they would try one more petition, but if that failed, they would fight;" and, in short, the consequence be what it might. They were determined to have the Charter either peaceably or physically." another delegate said that his Barnsley constituents had, at a large public meeting, resolved to arm on the 10th inst. They meant let the military loose upon Ireland, something the equal to the last days of Rome. Finally, the citizen were rejected, they hoped the Convention would not break up, but fill its place with a body to handle the government of the country. (Tremendous cheers from the strangers' gallery.) They would decide the day for a small meeting, and give every man an opportunity of getting his living by the event eight hours' labor. (Cheers.)

Mr. Reynolds, of Derby, said that if the petition were rejected, they must call out another million persons a permanent Parliament, and, if necessary, a provisional Government. (Loud cheers.) Arsenal flows were required for the gaining of their rights. (Cheers.) He said that they would be able to do that which the French people had accomplished—that was, to "walk" to the Council house. (Cheers.) If 500,000 men assembled on a certain day—each man to be armed with a musket, pistol, or pike—they would be able to dictate to the Government. They would then say to the Government, "We will have the Charter, and you must grant it." (Cheers.) He was determined to walk in the procession on Monday with a musket on his shoulder, and he hoped all else were prepared to protect. (Cheers.) They were prepared to do their duty, and they would be ready to attain their rights physically. (Tremendous cheering.)

The final conclusions of the Convention appear to have been these: That a national petition should be presented to the Queen, calling upon London day, and that the people should be requested to arm themselves for the occasion; that the Convention and other meetings should be held throughout the country and delegates elected to the National Assembly. Agreeably to the resolutions of the convention, a meeting of the delegates was held on Tuesday night, at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee appointed to wait upon the Queen with the petition. The meeting was crowded to excess, and the proceedings were of the most exciting character. The report was received with tremendous cheering.

On the other hand, the government was concentrating troops at London, and swearing in constables, for the purpose of aiding the military in the society to learn the events of that crowded week of April.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

We said, when we recorded the case of young Mott, that other instances would doubtless come to light of Republican manifestations by our young countrymen abroad; and we now have the satisfaction of having a similar instance to record, in the case of the celebrated Rathbone. The Rathbone affair, considering as it does, in a very high degree, the Republican sentiments and feelings of our country, is one of largely public interest to the American character. The story is told by a New York paper as follows:

During the recent excess at Paris, a young American named Rathbone, was in the city, and became a member, with a number of his locals, during one of the riots, of the National Guard. He acted by the call, and the French Republic, but, in the human race, he was not content as such, with the mere duties of a soldier, but would, on the occasion, act as a leader. Accordingly, he collected a degree of numbers of Americans which we have proclaimed, and of which the Count de Lasteyrie is stated to be among the leaders.

The object of this assertion confidence was more inclined that in the event of a rebellion, he and could be separate himself from it, and, in such an event, that just as certain as such a contingency should arise, he would immediately depart across for Ireland, the French people will respect their Government to take sides with the insurgents. It is hard for a Free nation to interfere with struggling for Freedom, and raise not a finger in behalf; but, as a general thing, Americans have no cause in the right policy. It may be laid down as a good tenet, that the nation that cannot act on its own freedom, is not fit for freedom. The case, however, becomes different, when other despotic Government is in question. It may be very right for them, but it is a hateful one, to stand off coldly, and see a Power people borne down by the brute force of numbers.

A DEMOCRATIC PRINCE.

Don Henrique Matos, the senior patron of Spain, has addressed a very democratic letter to the conductors of the French Press. He was a soldier at the battle of Waterloo, and has been in exile ever since; but was thrusted in his place by the management of Louis Philippe. Whether the sentiments in the following extract are those of the Prince, or of Campuzano's love and ambition, or in some measure from both, we cannot say; but they are of high source whence they come, among the most curious items of the same extraordinary epoch.

The Prince calls the Revolution "a great and glorious event"—he "revels in the happy era when a dawning upon the nations, and when the sacred upon Spain"—his most ardent desire is to see "the people, and as soon as we can judge, of nature it.

MILITIA TRAININGS.

We were visited by a contraband, to-day, to state that the Bill abolishing Militia Trainings in this State, has become a law. It appears that one House of the Legislature passed the Bill, One of the Regular Inspectors, in announcing the failure of the Bill, says he believes the following:

"From the experience I have had for some years past, I am convinced of the utter folly and absurdity of these militia trainings, and am equally well satisfied that nine-tenths of the whole community are of the same opinion. That they ought to be abolished, and could be, if the public papers would take the matter in hand fearlessly and independently. I sincerely hope they will do so in the present session.

We fully agree with the above remarks. Militia trainings, conducted as they are, are almost useless; but the establishment of the system would require if they were abolished. We have long been in favor of the total abolition of a law which like "the fat of the thing," training every man to be a soldier, and to undertake making the State at large pay their expenses.

A GREAT MEETING.

An immense meeting was held in this city, in favor of the Polish cause, on Tuesday evening. The express sympathy with the late Revolutionary movements in Europe, and with the Polish cause in particular, from which speeches were delivered in English, German, and Polish. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Peter Fritzius, who, after giving a brief sketch of the history of Poland

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LATEST NEWS!

FROM NEW MEXICO.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

AMERICANS VICTORIOUS.

By telegraph from St. Louis to the Pittsburg papers, we have confirmation of the battle said to be fought at Sonoita, sixty miles from Chihuahua. The Americans were victorious, and defeated the army of Chihuahua, thirteen pieces of artillery, and a large number of prisoners were taken by our forces. The loss is killed and wounded on both sides is represented as heavy.

SANTA ANNA.

The latest intelligence which has been received after many hard fought field, that he can run faster on one leg than any of our generals can on two—and that is the latest intelligence from Mexico.

Mexico is disgraced. He embarked from Antigua, a place a short distance south of Vera Cruz, on the fourth instant, and landed at Tampico, on the seventh—other accounts say by Havana. We wish him a prosperous voyage, and a short passage—and in the transit, or the training of which latter, he will doubtless employ the leisure of his retirement from public life.

THE MEXICAN TREATY.

A letter has been received at Washington, stating that the treaty of peace which had been made the preliminary to a repeal of the embargo, and which was the subject of negotiation between Mr. Trist and the Mexican commissioners, on the ground that *he had taken no such to support the old one*.

PRIZE CONUNDRUMS.

Why was Adam the most unfortunate man who ever lived?

Because he was first in the houses now—(Pluto Cry)

Why is a fellow running the gauntlet like a horse?

Because he gets switch—(*must* to be gone. (Philadelphia Cry.)

Why is a field of rye like a lady?

Because it would be a shame to be lassoed—(Cincinnati City.)

What kind of wax should bees use for the tops of their hives?

Bees-wax, (sealing wax—(Unknown.)

Why is the first chicken of the brood like the first man of a nation?

Because it is formed of the same kind—(Pluto Cry.)

Why is the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb like the termination of life?

Because it is a time to be *heard of*—(Cincinnati City.)

Why are coal wagons like letter-writers?

Because they are full of *black* business—(Western Cont. N. Y.)

Why was Zachary Taylor like the Mexican leader's conduct?

Because he has no other hope on Santa Anna's rear—(Hartford, Conn.)

The Ayes and Noes assumed—(Washington, D. C.)

Why is a nickname hated on the wharf like a letter from a lover?

Because *names* (nankeens) are sent—(Baltimore.)

Because it "brings the *de* people."—(Unknown.)

Why is John Quincy Adams like a Dutch person?

Because he is "*Sour* by de people."—(Unknown.)

Why is a man who is in love like a fish?

Because he is closely watched.

Because he mother don't know that he's out—(N. Y. City.)

Why is the planet Neptune like a turtle's tail?

Because it is the last of the nine—(Pluto City.)

Why do donkeys eat more in Ireland than anywhere?

Because there are more asses assessors there—(Washington City.)

GODEY'S PROPOSED MAGAZINE.

The March number of this Magazine opens with a terrific onslaught upon "Graham's Magazine," which it can hardly be supposed that periodical can survive. Generally, a work of this kind is content with attacking any thing and against him into "*poetry*" and it is laughed at for its pains. But Godey's magazine, after breaking all the bones of his article, and rendering it then a perfect jelly, in order to compress the whole into a small space, is not satisfied with the utter insignificancy, Cornelius adds insult to injury, by threatening the scourge of his opponent into his own horrid dialect. We consider these two articles, the former and the latter, as the very acme of miserable nonsense. But what can be expected of a man who declares his life to be a continual struggle with neither tongue, nor pen to introduce the fact.

Messrs. Godey and Cornelius have fallen out on the same side.

Mr. Hale rejoined, denying utterly having had any connection, direct or indirect, with the recent attack upon the speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Cullom said that he would at once think of engaging with a monkey as with the Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Hale.)

Mr. Hale continued his remarks.

Mr. Cullom replied with much personal severity against Mr. Hale, and denied the right of the Senator to call him to account for his speech.

Mr. Morgan said that he was one of the very few members of the Senate who had been honored to be carried away by the tornado. He said it was the duty of Congress to protect the freedom of speech for the protection of persons and property, before the protection of slaves. He had seen the time when the very acts which they had the right to perform, for the question of slavery he said, the old North States had never taken. Slavery was a question which one was would prevent their coming in at, and endangered the safety of the Union, it is this slavery question. He hoped that the time for such things would not be granted.

Mr. Westcott said that there had been no outbreak and no outrage but by the kidnappers, and he would say that the people of the nation had been to introduce the bill.

Messrs. Foster and Turpie, Democrats, also spoke against the bill.

Mr. Clark submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on the Library to inquire whether any library of Washington's books, and, if so, on what terms it could be purchased, and to report to the next session of the Congress. The resolution was adopted.

A petition was presented by Mr. Hale, from the citizens of Portland, Maine, praying the passage of the resolves of Col. Childs, requiring the salaries of the assistants of the Light House Board to be Catholic belief. Referred to Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Foote presented a resolution, signed by the Governor of Philadelphia, for the erection of a Post Route and Railroad between Philadelphia and New York.

On motion, the Senate adjourned to attend the Forest's celebration.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 19th, Mr. Giddings moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might offer a resolution that a select committee be raised to report a bill for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and also praying the passage, for recently, by acting of the law by the people, which was soon found on board the schooner Pearl, down the Potomac, and carried back to the city. The bill was lost, amid great laughter.

Mr. Cullom, of Illinois, rose to a point-blank question, stating that he wished to offer a resolution setting forth the proceedings of the House in relation to a select committee to report what motion had been made in relation to the Speaker's late personal threats.

Objections were made to the inquiry, as the was not a privileged question.

The Chair put the question to the House, and stated that it was in order.

Mr. Cullom, in opening up, in which the petitioners pray the passage of the bill. Messrs. Bedinger, Daniel S. Ingersoll, Dorr, Gayle and others, after that the objections and appeal were withdrawn. Various amendments were offered and declared, and a heated discussion occurred by Messrs. Venable, Haskell, Giddings, Toombs and Moore. The last two speakers contended that the House had no right to entertain any question of privilege whatever, that such matters should take care of himself, and that the House had nothing to do in the matter. Without action the House adjourned.

On the 21st, the Speaker announced as the first business in order the resolution of Mr. Hudson, for the appointment of a select committee to inquire what action was be taken to restrict the members of the House from threats for words spoken or letters, or for their action as representatives of the people.

Mr. Stanton addressed the House in opposition to the resolution, and was followed by Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, on the same side. The latter gentleman related many cases of quarrels in consequence of the action of the Speaker, on justification of the present.

Mr. Saxby followed on the same side, and spoke with much severity against the late proceedings of the House.

Mr. Cullom said an important business was transacted, and the House soon adjourned to attend the French celebration.

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

Boston, *April*, 1848.

GENTLEMEN OF THE POST:—I left off, last week, with a reference to Mr. Everett's Oration or Eulogy upon John Quincy Adams, as I shall always call it, because, in this work, is the subject. Mr. Edward Everett, as you know, has figured much in the political affairs of our country; is a fair classical man, both as an orator and a statesman, and also as a literary accomplishment. He was preferred to Webster, as an orator, judging from his grandiose, pretension to knowing both equally well. I remember, when I was in College, hearing him read and was much on rostrum's content. Between himself and Webster, there was a rivalry—each was the most elegant declaimer. The Eulogy was delivered by Mr. Everett, in Faneuil Hall, which was most splendidly and solemnly decorated with the words or wou, and packed with citizens and strangers so that there was not room for a single person more. The galleries were thrown open at 10, A. M., for the admission of ladies, and hundreds entered. The orator began at 11, and concluded at 3, P. M., lasting more than three hours. Mr. Everett's manner and voice were remarkably fine, and his delivery strangulated. It was the most splendid effort of the kind ever heard in this city. Mr. Everett has stood on the stage several platforms, and began his Oration, followed "the old man eloquent" from his cradle to his grave, in one of the most elegant productions and eloquence, his Eulogy was simply of a narrative style, and delivered with the plain matter of fact address as a statistical report. The orator showed that Mr. Adams had, from early youth, been an untiring lover of literature, and was a classicists as were likely to give him that renown and fame which he so richly merited, and which he now shows and

Selected Poetry.

"THE THREE BIRTHS OF FRANCE."

FROM THE LONDON STORE.

Up from the coast poor children pass; our maids
Scream mute rather than speak—astonished, and tongue-tied and pale;
Along the new electric fires flash intense to and fro,
A great workbench is breeding—France is again in throes.

Two wish births she had borne before—the first, an awful turn,
A great will, a bloody hand, an enemy still across the earth.
Yet blood, the will, his mother's favorite he bore with longest love.
Till the Corsican conqueror, his toy the gentleman.

But more vexed still is his wish, with adverse work-ings strong,
An angel and a devil—pure Right and hideous Wrong.
This angel his red right hand to clay, that decreed his self-will's law,
Half murderer, half martyr, had both and half cheer-ful.

The touch of a king, one of those who, framed on his end, die;
But the good love rich and flourished, and grew forth to good sower;
And the world rose in his moment; with wonder and with woe;
New bearings grew to timings, and lewdnesses to law.

The great light of the career was gathered on his pinion;
The great tree of the future bade its roots widen his bosom;
And the wisdom of the man his taught, how in that wintry storm
Of the Church's agonized century, a mighty child was born.

And forty years long and sunny, and in the summer prime
France was in child-birth pangs again, as at that ear-lier time.
And Europe watched around the bed where that her-oine lay,
And the world said, "Surely France will be a happy mother now."
He had all his brother's talent, but nothing of his brother,
More than his strength for building up, if new for pull-ing down.
And for a nursing father they gave the child a King,
And they put him round with chamberlains, and made a stately ring,
And they looked to see him grow to man or iron, or chestnut colored,
To be a blessing to the world a glory unto France.
A wily man, that Louise was—he had become accus-tomed more,
And men read Right and Law and Truth, and on his knees adored,
And much he talked of honor, and much of Peace and plenty,
That Testament of the Barricades, King of the glorious Days.
"I'll rear this child on truth," he said. He reared it on on lies;
"In freedom I was strengthened." He cramped in the Tuileries;
"I'll live for it and France." Both France and it lived but to him;
"I'd make its name an glorious." He caused its ruin by it.
For the gained at last about the child, he placed a guard of swords,
Its closing for counselors he had well before words.
For the loving friends of liberty he paid to despotic hire,
And when it asked for gladiators, he built it up a fair.
Whenever he said Principle, behold it turned to Peel;
Whenever he said Country, behold it meant to Self.
Till the infant's strength grew weakness, its counte-nance blood-stained,
And latest idol it worshiped the world, with want of false-hood denied.
No wonder was the child grew sad, and sickened day by day,
No wonder those who loved it not, one by one, away;
No wonder all the hopes that smiled around it at its birth
Sunk slow and silent from its pale, and left on heart a dearth.
We heard the late with wonder—we heard the early with grief;
We heard the late with amazement, the early with unbelief.
But take warning, regicidal mother-land, the sad sin we bring you
Before each Kings for Sentence—Kings who now are nothing!

Original Anecdotes.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

NEVER PUBLISHED.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO DE SAINT HILAIRE.

CRUTCHES AND WOODEN LEGS.

Napoleon and Josephine being at Mentz, one morning, at dining upon a little table placed in the Rhine, where was said to be situated one of the Emperor's pleasure houses, called "The Favorite." Thither came, but rarely, but mostly for the habitation. It had been pulled down two years before. Nevertheless, the command had been given, and so they ministers dined, by one-fashion, upon the green. Returning, they passed over a suspended bed, at the foot of which sat an old woman. Napoleon beckoned her to approach, and addressed to her some words, which the interest of family enough, not knowing either the Emperor or Empress.

"Good woman!" said he—"what do you eat and stand the roof of your house?"

"Alas, my dear sir!—it is because we are too poor; and so much the more, that our landlord has not always work, and we have many children to raise."

"What! think is her—your husband?"

"He is a tanner; he makes crutches and wooden legs for the wounded; but, as unfortunately there is not much fighting now, work is scarce."

At the words crutches and wooden legs, the face of the Emperor became grave. His leaf cast a meaning glance to Josephine, who having perceived her was within his, now pressed it softly, as if to tell her hastened that the road all his thoughts, and there looked downward without speaking.

"Oh, yes!" said Napoleon, in a tone of indifference. "Making only crutches and wooden legs is indeed a bad trade of prosperity. They are not much needed."

"No, indeed—and so you see we are quite be-hind-hand."

"How much would you need to place you above your trouble?—to set you at your ease, and to make you at ease for crutches and—"

"Alas, sir, sometimes we must be at—"

"But, still," resumed Napoleon—"How much will it take?"

"It will take at least—at least—"

And the old woman, looking up to heaven, and counting her fingers one by one, continued, "at least, with a heart ugly."

"It will take at least fourteen hundred—but we shall never get them in one day—work is re-quired, and the wounded are not fallen, and there is no call for crutches and—"

"Cease not always wanted," cried Napoleon, cutting short the old woman's lamentation, who was proceeding with the plaster-er-ation and wooden leg; which was indeed a subject of grief for her poor husband," continued he, "for he must make choice! They will cause him to be killed."

Then, whispering in the pardon-de-palace, who had accompanied them, he took from his hands a number of five hundred-francs, which he gave to the old woman's apron, who could not find words to thank him and Josephine had much trouble to persuade her that the money was not false, but that it was all for herself.

THE WEDDING GIFT.

One of Napoleon's fancies was match-making, and he managed this kind of business with much address and success. Unfortunately, all affairs of this kind which he arranged did not turn out as happily as he desired. Sometimes the unlucky couple came to under the parties, often very rudely. The wedding-gift, which he always gave to the bride, was presented with that delicacy and good taste which distinguished his private actions.

On the wedding-day of one of his valets-de-cham-ber, which, perhaps, he loved better than any other, General Rapp came to offer his congratulations in person. As he was retiring to bed, Napoleon said to him, in a low tone of voice, after having given the order or countenance to the night:

"Now, I hope you will not forget that to-morrow there will be a present."

"Oh, no! certainly not."

"I gave that sort of thing for twenty-four hours, because every one must attend to his business—but the day after to-morrow I intend him to resume thy duties. Then count then present the wife. Augustus! I forgot. Give this bouquet to Josephine in my wedding-company. Tell thy father with it from one of thy best friends. Then marital and, that the reasons he did not make choice of natural flowers, was because this bouquet will last much longer."

The next morning, after entering the flowers, which, in bloom and delicacy, almost rivaled na-ture itself, the young bride received the paper which surrounded them, and after she had read it, was dismayed by a chain composed of an infinite number of fine pearls, separated here and there by large diamonds, surrounded with turquoise and emeralds. It was the most perfect and the most splendid; but Rapp was too touched by this rich gift to his bride, than by the words which Napoleon had written for him to address to her. Only why was it in from one of his best friends?" There was no reply were, for the present, his true "wedding-gift."

A LITERARY SITTING AT THE TUILERIES.

Before submitting his tragedy of the *Death of Henry Fourth*, to the censors of the *Theater Fran-cais, Legouve* thought proper to have it read in the Emperor's presence, and consented to listen to it. The hearing was fixed at noon, and the academician presented himself at that C-hard, accompanied by Talma, who was to read the piece. At the same time came the Emperor's sisters, who, with the Empress, assembled around the fire, took their places in the *Blue Chamber*, where this literary session was to be held. Napoleon was not present at first, but went to a new work by the author of the "*Work of Women*," but they were politely dismissed by Napoleon, who told them that this was a select assembly, into which none could be admitted but the Empress's sisters, and the ladies of honor; and pre-sently, himself, he bolted the door by which the *Blue Chamber* communicated with the apartments of Queen. Then showing Legouve a chair, he invited him to begin the reading. The author seated himself within the Emperor mid, with a sort of benevolent bland-ness.

"Ah, well—you would rather, then, that I re-main standing?"

Legouve began to read the piece.

During the painful disclosures when Henry IV makes to Sully of the ever-growing ascendan-cy which oppressed the haughty Medicis, Napoleon, smiling gaily at Josephine, opposed to thank her love and warm family affinity. Then, at the picture that was drawn of the strong affection which united Henry and Sully, he leaned forward, and with the hands of Kersal and a second ovi-cation came upon the light of day.

A milder monitor grazier child than that of grace be. No blood-stain on his hand was seen; to check the passing glee.

Yet scorn of fault, and country, more mighty, as more mild.

Was he the world that welcomed, a kind and friend-ly one child.

No Cæsar was found to cut up shoulder his trop-by.

And the word said, "Surely France will be a happy mother now."

He had all his brother's talent, but nothing of his brother,
More than his strength for building up, if new for pull-ing down.

And for a nursing father they gave the child a King,
And they put him round with chamberlains, and made a stately ring,
And they looked to see him grow to man or iron, or chestnut colored,
To be a blessing to the world a glory unto France.

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And men read Right and Law and Truth, and on his knees adored,
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We heard the late with amazement, the early with unbelief.
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TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO DE SAINT HILAIRE.

CRUTCHES AND WOODEN LEGS.

Napoleon and Josephine being at Mentz, one morning, of dining upon a little table placed in the Rhine, where was said to be situated one of the Emperor's pleasure houses, called "The Favorite." Thither came, but rarely, but mostly for the habitation. It had been pulled down two years before. Nevertheless, the command had been given, and so they ministers dined, by one-fashion, upon the green. Returning, they passed over a suspended bed, at the foot of which sat an old woman. Napoleon beckoned her to approach, and addressed to her some words, which the interest of family enough, not knowing either the Emperor or Empress.

"Good woman!" said he—"what do you eat and stand the roof of your house?"

"Alas, my dear sir!—it is because we are too poor; and so much the more, that our landlord has not always work, and we have many children to raise."

"What! think is her—your husband?"

"He is a tanner; he makes crutches and wooden legs for the wounded; but, as unfortunately there is not much fighting now, work is scarce."

At the words crutches and wooden legs, the face of the Emperor became grave. His leaf cast a meaning glance to Josephine, who having perceived her was within his, now pressed it softly, as if to tell her hastened that the road all his thoughts, and there looked downward without speaking.

"Oh, yes!" said Napoleon, in a tone of indifference. "Making only crutches and wooden legs is indeed a bad trade of prosperity. They are not much needed."

"No, indeed—and so you see we are quite be-hind-hand."

"How much would you need to place you above your trouble?—to set you at your ease, and to make you at ease for crutches and—"

"Alas, sir, sometimes we must be at—"

"But, still," resumed Napoleon—"How much will it take?"

"It will take at least—at least—"

And the old woman, looking up to heaven, and counting her fingers one by one, continued, "at least, with a heart ugly."

"It will take at least fourteen hundred—but we shall never get them in one day—work is re-quired, and the wounded are not fallen, and there is no call for crutches and—"

"Cease not always wanted," cried Napoleon, cutting short the old woman's lamentation, who was proceeding with the plaster-er-ation and wooden leg; which was indeed a subject of grief for her poor husband," continued he, "for he must make choice! They will cause him to be killed."

Then, whispering in the pardon-de-palace, who had accompanied them, he took from his hands a number of five hundred-francs, which he gave to the apron of the old woman, who could not find words to thank him and Josephine had much trouble to persuade her that the money was not false, but that it was all for herself.

THE WEDDING-GIFT.

One of Napoleon's fancies was match-making, and he managed this kind of business with much address and success. Unfortunately, all affairs of this kind which he arranged did not turn out as happily as he desired. Sometimes the unlucky couple came to under the parties, often very rudely. The wedding-gift, which he always gave to the bride, was presented with that delicacy and good taste which distinguished his private actions.

On the wedding-day of one of his valets-de-cham-ber, which, perhaps, he loved better than any other, General Rapp came to offer his congratulations in person. As he was retiring to bed, Napoleon said to him, in a low tone of voice, after having given the order or countenance to the night:

"Now, I hope you will not forget that to-mor-row there will be a present."

"Oh, no! certainly not."

"I gave that sort of thing for twenty-four hours, because every one must attend to his business—but the day after to-morrow I intend him to resume thy duties. Then count then present the wife. Augustus! I forgot. Give this bouquet to Josephine in my wedding-company. Tell thy father with it from one of thy best friends. Then marital and, that the reasons he did not make choice of natural flowers, was because this bouquet will last much longer."

THE DRY GOODS' CLERK.

BY THE PALE STUDENT.

Oh! it is a pleasing life,
To be a clerk in a dry-good store—
To laugh away at care and strife,
And rear your home on rosy cheer!
What matter if one's eyes are gray?
What boots it if one's hair is red?
Oh heck be not the maidens gay
That wish to kiss from roots to edge!

'Tis said no one from care is free;
Until the clock strikes eight at night
That half the time is theirs own;
Or in her arms who won't buy a note;
But why should I repine at this,
As he keeps leaving number six?
The ladies all are kind I wot,
And like the clerks in a dry-good store!

The rich man may have jolly times,
Provided he is free from gout,
If he knows how to spend his time
And dog them when there's request
The student may look wondrous wise,
And blow a cloud about his face,
But it would ill them with surprise
To work while a dry-good store!

Now talk no more of this or that—
Of tender trade that makes one fat—
Of farmers breathing scenery air!
They're all a blow about,
And will be praised, of course, the more
The more they're blown about.
Who wins the girls in a dry-good store!

Selected Articles.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

In a private letter from a distinguished lady correspondent, we find the relation of one of the most thrilling incidents we have ever met with in re-markable events in history and in fact a few dollars. To this proposition the Dacian at first objected, declaring that he had no money in his pocket, but at last con-sented, and the two set out for the hall," &c. Sen-tence of the Emperor "Commercium" very much, and made a good deal of reference on the part of the Doctor that he was at last agreed that "Cæsarium" should be left a few dollars, "just a few" if he would allow him. Gumpowski, however, was not to be put off so easily, and he finally agreed to put up the money, and the hall, being then put up to bid-ding, the Emperor "Commercium" was knocked down for a few dollars. Bacon—of and

FAMILY MANSION OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

In retiring from the Presidency in 1829, Mr. Adams returned to his family mansion in Quincy, which had also been the retreat of his father, John Adams, during the latter years of his life. This edifice, which is some five or six miles from Boston, and near the line of the Old Colony Railroad, is thus doubly hallowed; and should the hand of time spare it for half a century, it will doubtless be sought after by the thoughtful pilgrim, as a consecrated spot.

THE ADAMS TOMB, IN QUINCY CEMETERY.

The Moralist.

LETTERS

FROM HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO HIS SON-IN-LAW ON THE BIBLE AND ITS QUESTIONS.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

LETTER VII.

The superintendence of the Master administered all ch n was the object of Christ's mission upon earth to the human race. It was to be the last—The want of a sufficient motive. The remedy for the evil—The work of redemption. The Jewish sacrifices were to the present life. There are many passages in the Old Testament which imply a state of exist-ence beyond the grave, and which could not have been a future state of retribution. See Leviticus, xviii. 5. Ezekiel, xx. 11. Nehemiah, ix. 29. Romans, x. 5. Galatians, iii. 12. The promise of the land of Canaan to the Israelites, in which we allude to last week's paper.

[Of Moses.—Ed. Sch.

The following, relative to the con-sentiment of the Israelites, is from Dr. Adam Clarke: There is residing at Palermo, a young American physician, named Valentine Ball, who is the son of a be-loved Dr. Hall, of New York. He came there some time ago, on account of his health, and found so glad the Consul was beneficial, has remained even since. When the troubles first commenced, this young Doctor was loud in favor of the conspirators. They held several meetings, until, as the Doctor himself had enough to expose him to a break; but when the time came, of all who had previously engaged to meet there determined to stand straightforward, there to accept the people by a dismal failure. Not one of them had the courage to appear on the ground, and the Doctor himself was only rescued from the fury of the people by a timely retreat to the house of the Consul, where he remained for several days, afraid to go out, and only left the island by the first opportunity. The Neapolitans have since been driven from their strongholds, and the Doctor has returned to his practice, and is now in the full enjoyment of the confidence of the people, who have on the need to abolish every badge of servitude, and to restore to the country of the class and stripes.

A Bon.—Sentury, in his Gazziara, relates the following:—

"When I was last at ——, a con made her escape from the convent. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

all being ready, he lifted the thimble, and even enough there was the ball. The Doctor gave up the money, all enjoyed a hearty laugh at his ex-pense. This was the largest bill he ever won in that evening. The Doctor observed, "I perceive he was not quite an sly."

The ball and thimbles were again put in motion; again all being ready, one lucky friend proposed to bet a bill. The Doctor declined; he must have some chance against each odds at "Tenzies spun," and the game was given up. Some time after, the Doctor met ourselves, which without the aid of a mercial traveler, who, in the course of conversation, was worthy of His special interposition to enable us to the completion.

From your affectionate Father,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Science and Art.

EXPERIMENTS IN GUNNING.

A pamphlet has been published by Capt. R. F. Hutchins, giving the result of some experiments in gunning, which were instituted by command of the Navy Department. Two sets of guns were selected, one of which was to be fired in the ordinary proposition on the highest authorities on gunning, that a space left between the powder and the ball was perfect, at the same time apologetically as to the fault of the experiments is to establish the correctness of this proposition, and to prove, as he says, that, in fact, the best gun is that which will throw the largest number of shot in a given space, and which will carry them with the greatest force and accuracy. The experiments were made with guns of different sizes, having charges of 6 ounces; with spaces of 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 5½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1½ inches, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 5 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 4½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 4 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 3½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 3 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 2½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 2 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 1½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 1 ounce, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; ½ ounce, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches.

The shooting was again arranged. This time the Doctor was to have the same chance as before, but instead the Doctor was hardly entitled to that great reputation for running and sagacity which he had acquired on the first occasion. At the meeting of the little ball we thought we discov-ered the cause of the Doctor's unwillingness for becoming a little snuffbox, a portion of the paper of which's cut was made, stuck out from under one of the thimbles. This our Connecticut friend plainly saw, and we presumed the Doctor, through old age, had also discovered it, and had slyly slipped it out of sight, so as not to be able to see it, and could not therefore play his game with his accustomed advantage. But the tale was soon told. Our Yankee friend proposed to double the bet, "having the thing so fixed." The Doctor accepted the proposal instan-taneously, and it trembled instead of ten." The was done, and our friend won three hundred dollars at a single stroke. Just here we thought it a shame to take any more advantage of a good-natured gentleman's kind-ness, for the luncheon of the ball was so evident.

The money-up, "Connecticut" was all impatient to be off to new experiments, and to give the Doctor an opportunity of revenge. But one enough, it was not long before our friend received notice of the Doctor's expectations in regard to ready cash and willing-ness to bet, and he could not win. We have seen the same principle exemplified in a young man, who was a great admirer of fine young ladies, and who, when the shot was in contact with the powder, left a space of about an inch between them, and when the shot was in contact with the wadding, left a space of about two inches between the wadding and the powder. From these results it was found that the best gun was that which gave the greatest accuracy and range at distance to which the ball was thrown horizontally. Experiments were also made to ascertain at what distance the shot was down on the water, and it was found that the greatest range was between, also when the shot was in contact with the powder, and when there was a space between the powder and the wadding. The experiments were made with guns of different sizes, having charges of 6 ounces; with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 5½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1½ inches, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 5 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 4½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 4 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 3½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 3 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 2½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 2 ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 1½ ounces, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; 1 ounce, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches; ½ ounce, and with spaces of no inches, 1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, 5 inches, and 6 inches.

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Agricultural.

FOOD FOR PLANTS, &C.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the "Boston Cultivator" of April 1st, there is a communication from E. Dobbee, which I wish to make a few remarks upon, or rather the last paragraph, in which he says that "in the glimmer part of this article I (he) combat the false notion that the ashes of plants are the best food of plants."

The above remark of Mr. Dobbee, I presume, was intended to apply to me, as I have advanced such an idea, in some of my communications that have been published in the Cultivator.

Permit me to give a few facts in reference to this subject, and I will then leave it with the in-telligent readers of your paper, to judge how far this doctrine is a false notion, and will most cheer-fully abide their decision.

Prof. Horsford says, in a letter to Dr. Webster, that, finding the ashes of plants to be the best for species as the grasses of our Western country, are burnt over the new lands, for the purpose of their natural manganese food. He has shown the truth of the principle in a great variety of ways. Among others, he has been burning the grass-vine with the (artificially prepared) mineral mat-ter, and then ashes in the proportions in which nat-ure have shown them to be present: and then planting the vine in the soil of the same composition degree, though the soil upon which the vine grew was a little better than sand. He made a va-riety of experiments with grains, roots, flowers, &c., which I had the pleasure of witnessing last year, and saw that he has constructed for himself a more extended scale." The letter from which I take the above is dated at Fort Hunt, New York, May 1, 1845.

Now as Mr. Dobbee hails from Cambridge, and has taken a case together to Prof. H., I think he had better call upon the Professor, and try to as-sure him out of his "false notion." There is no profession I will respond to the call. The *Pa-triot* is a specimen of *Rhubarb*, the medical qualities of which are exhausting, astringent, bitter and a tonic, and invigorating in small doses to the human system. The ash of wheat, or the grain, is the cholesterine, which is nearly allied to the fatty matter, and which is the part which promotes digestion and are very healthy, and some of them ever enter into the composition of any of the drugs that are sold in the shops. Notwithstanding this, quently there is no danger of producing *general* by the use of the *Pa-triot*, as your friend's constitution has been laid so support—but a dietetic ar-ticle, the *Pa-triot* may be classed with the Ty-son as two of the most healthful articles of food that are. Rhubarb tarts, green apple tarts, and tomato tarts, are pre-ferred by some to pies, but upon the system—all are laxative, alterative, de-tergent, gleshy science it, for the invigoration of his nerves. But it appears that Mr. Dobbee is not a scientific man, for he says many young students of the want of leaves.

We have often seen grown men strip off all the leaves from the vine, and leave nothing but the naked stem. You can hardly injure young trees by the leaves unless they are taken off in the month of June, when the trees are growing.

A great error is committed by trimming exces-sively the roots of trees when they are planted. It is said to be a good growth of fruit-wood before trim-ming the roots, and then it is not to be done to any great degree; giving death and the great-er part of the roots. I have seen trees trimmed to a mere stump, and they lived and grew finely.

Where large young trees just transplanted, there is a prevalent notion that so much of the top should be lopped off as to balance the roots that are left on the tree. But this is no rule to govern in such cases. A small top can have a large amount of roots, and a large top with a scanty amount of roots, and in such cases, are proper—but the top is not to be cut off still, and it makes less a vessel and a steward, and the roots will grow. It feeds that the leaves of trees expect leaves without it; and would, I sup-pose, gladly witness